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Engl: Theat:
1800

T H E
SIEGE of SINOPE.

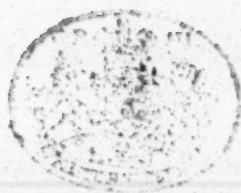
A
T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
T H E A T R E R O Y A L,
I N
C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

By MRS. BROOKE,
AUTHOR OF JULIA MANDEVILLE, &c.

L O N D O N:
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S T R A N D.

MDCCLXXXI.



P R E F A C E.

THE favourable réception this tragedy has met with from an indulgent publick, at a period when the shafts of undistinguishing ridicule have been (I think, injudiciously) pointed at this noble and affecting species of the drama, calls for my warmest acknowledgments.

Nor must my acknowledgments stop here. To Mr. HARRIS my obligations are great: his good sense and taste called my attention to more than one impropriety in the conduct of the piece; when first offered; his liberal turn of mind gave it every advantage of decoration; whilst his candour and politeness removed the dragons which have been supposed to guard the avenues to the theatre, and which have too long deterred many of our greatest writers from taking this road to the Temple of Fame.

A conduct like his cannot fail of having the happiest effects on the world of literature; of pluming once more the eagle wing of genius, till it soars to that great sublime which characterized the writers of ancient Greece; and, in later times, our immortal father of the drama.

To the performers in general I am obliged for their attention and propriety in their different characters.

Mr. HENDERSON, by his excellent and animated performance, places in the strongest point of light the amiable virtues, unaffected grandeur of soul, and heroic ardour, which it was my aim to picture in PHARNACES.

Mr. AICKIN fills with equal propriety and spirit the vindictive part of ATHRIDATES; and Mr. CLARK, by the justness of his action, and respectableness of his deportment, gives an authority to

the character of *ORONTES*, which adds very greatly to its effect.

I am now to speak of *Mrs. YATES*. My friendship for her, a friendship founded not more on my admiration of her uncommon talents, than on the worthy qualities of her heart, with which a series of years have made me perfectly acquainted, render it as hard a task for me to speak of her as of myself. I feel a diffidence which impedes my wish to do her justice, even at the moment when I am most sensible how much my feeble attempts to touch the nobler passions of the soul owe to her astonishing exertion in the character of *THAMYRIS*.

But the publick have spoken for me; have given just applause to that sublime sensibility, that enthusiastic fire, those exquisite graces of action, which compel even *FRANCE* itself, however tenacious of native merit, to rank her with a *DUMESNIL*, a *CLATRON*.

It remains only to return my thanks to those gentlemen who favoured me with the Prologue and Epilogue: the good sense, poetic spirit, and flowing numbers, of the former, were finely expressed by *Mr. HENDERSON*; whilst the good-humoured and lively raillery of the latter, which so happily (and I have authority to say, without an idea of personality) catches the reigning follies of the hour, gave full scope to the comic powers of *Mrs. YATES*.

I should here have finished this address, had not the mistake of a Critic, who has read the English opera of *PHARNACES*, instead of the Italian one, from whence I had the first idea of my fable, led him, though otherwise favourable in his strictures, to accuse me of an illiberality, of which I should detest myself if I was capable, that of sacrificing the other characters to my friendship for *Mrs. YATES*. She wants no such unworthy sacrifice; her

P R E F A C E. v

her native powers will ever support themselves : if she appears more on the scene, 'tis from the nature of the fable, which rendered it impossible to make a different arrangement.

Comparatively short as the character of PHARNACES necessarily is, I flatter myself it is not void of interest ; instead of humbling him at the feet of a foreign general (for POMPEY is the real hero of the Opera) I have endeavoured to restore him to the dignity of royalty ; have aimed at representing him a patriot, hero, king, the defender and father of his people ; not an abject dependent on the haughty caprice, the tyrannic insolence, of the ROMANS.

As to the child, the Italian author has judged as I have done ; and not hazarded introducing him as a speaker in the drama ; therefore I cannot with any justice be accused of withdrawing, in compliment to my friend, a situation which never existed in the author from whom I borrowed the first idea of my subject.

What effect the contrary conduct in the English Opera might have had, it is impossible for me to judge, as I was abroad at the time when it was represented ; but I own I should have trembled at hazarding, in the character of an infant, an effort of heroism, which only reflection on the relative duties of child and parent, at a much more advanced age, could have rendered probable.

I mean not by this to condemn the author of the English Opera, but to exculpate myself. I have too good an opinion of his judgment not to suppose the circumstance might have effect ; and an opera is exempt from that severity of criticism to which a tragedy must ever be subject.

It is perhaps right to observe, that some lines which were judiciously omitted in the representation are restored ; but so few that I thought it unnecessary to mark them.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by the Rev. Mr. COLLIER,

And spoken by Mr. HENDERSON.

*I*N vain would satire, with misguided rage,
Defame the manners of a polish'd age;
As if, attach'd to dissipation's wheel,
Our hearts had lost both power and wish to feel:
When passion's shafts with intermingled flight,
From pleasing pain produce severe delight;
When sorrow weeps, with present woes oppress,
Or joy for terrors past rears high its crest,
Nature triumphant will uphold her sway,
And all submissive her command obey.

Thus, on perfection's height we gaze intent,
But who shall dare to climb the steep ascent?
When hope so frequent mourns its own disgrace,
And checks our ardor in th' adventurous race?

With doubting step, and agitated mien,
Our bard advances on the stormy scene;
Rejects the succour of pretended art,
And builds no flattering hope, but on the heart.

Nor will I longer spread the thin disguise,
A woman here the plaintive tale supplies;
On virtue's base she rears the female throne,
Calls forth your feelings, as she paints her own:
Whate'er in wedded love the breast can warm,
Or give to filial bonds their highest charm;

Whate'er

P R O L O G U E. vii

*Whate'er emotions through the bosom dart,
For pangs which keenest pierce a parent's heart ;
Here shall her feeble hand attempt to raise.
Give us your tears, we ask no truer praise.*

*What though the gentler sex of late have shown
At least a right to share the poet's crown,
Still has imperious man assum'd the claim
Round merit's brow to bind the wreath of fame ;
Assert yourselves, ye fair ! this chosen night,
And prove your powers to judge as well as write ;
Thus man, with pride reluctant, shall confess,
Each Muse may justly wear a woman's dress :
To your indulgence shall his rigour bend,
Nor dare to censure what your tears commend.*

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHARNACES, King of Pontus, Mr. HENDERSON,

ATHRIDATES, King of Cappadocia, } Mr. AICKIN.

EUMENES, a Child, Son to } Maſt, LANGRISH,
PHARNACES,

ORONTES, High Priest of Themis, Mr. CLARKE.

ARTABANES, General of PHARNACES, } Mr. WHITFIELD.

ARTAXIAS, General of ATHRIDATES, } Mr. DAVIES.

XIPHARES, an old Officer, attending on EUMENES, } Mr. L'ESTRANGE,

TIGRANES, an officer of PHARNACES, } Mr. ROBSON.

ORCHANES, an Officer of ATHRIDATES, } Mr. THOMPSON.

MESSENGER, Mr. J. WILSON.

THAMYRIS, Queen of Pontus, Mrs. YATES.

SCENE. The City of SINOPE, and the Camp of ATHRIDATES under its Walls.

T H E

SIEGE of SINOPE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The Outside of the Tent of Athridates; the Walls of Sinope in view on the Left; at a Distance, on the Right, the Camp, and a distant View of the Euxine Sea.

ARTABANES and ARTAXIAS.

A R T A B A N E S.

BLEST be the favouring gods! may whitest
omens
Still mark the chosen day which saw me come
From yon proud walls, th' ambassador of peace,
To royal Athridates' warlike camp!

A R T A X I A S.

The hostile monarchs, wearied with contention,
Now sheathe the slaughtering sword. Great Athri-
dates

B

Yields

2 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Yields to the voice of nature, nor rejects
A daughter's suit.

A R T A B A N E S.

The royal Thamyras,
Our beauteous queen, whose all-transcendent
 charms,
With Hymen's torch enkindled that of discord,
(The fatal cause of enmity) becomes
The happy pledge of peace. No more the peasant
Sees the swift blaze devour the season's hope;
Again he breaks the foil: yon ravag'd fields,
Late drench'd in blood, red with destructive
 slaughter,
Again receive, well-pleas'd, the golden grain,
And promise future years of smiling plenty.

A R T A X I A S.

Fell discord is no more: our conquering army,
Which pour'd the tide of victory along,
And like a torrent overflowed your plains,
Now ebbs, retiring, at our monarch's voice,
Who, when his vows with those of brave Pharnaces,
Before the awful shrine of righteous Themis
Are interchang'd, his martial thunder points
At other foes, and gives to Pontus peace.

A R T A B A N E S.

For ever sheath'd be the remorseless sword!
True happiness is of domestic growth,
It blossoms in the shade.—The meanest hind,
Who in the flowery lap of calm content
Rests from his healthful toil, and meets at eve
The faithful partner of his homely dwelling,
Is happier than the laurel'd conqueror,
Deaf to his people's welfare, who rejects
The sacred gifts of peace.

A R

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

3

ARTAXIAS.

Those sacred gifts
No longer are withholden : raging Mars,
With cypress wreath'd, and garments dropping
blood,
Unwilling quits the field.

ARTABANES.

A subject born,
Respect should seal my lips ; yet sure, Artaxias,
Too long our land has felt your monarch's rage ;
Seven rolling years have seen unhappy Pontus
A prey to savage war.

ARTAXIAS.

Great was the crime
His fury thus pursu'd : bright Thamyris,
His last remaining hope, his kingdom's heir,
Forc'd from his palace at the midnight hour,
When, all-secure, beneath the olive's shade
His eyes were seal'd in sleep. Nor could he deem
His sceptred guest, a lawless ravisher.

ARTABANES.

The crime of tenderness, a parent's breast,
To kind impressions apt, may surely pardon ;
Young, loving, and belov'd, Pharnaces came,
A king, a blooming conqueror, to your court ;
The regal diadem adorn'd his brow,
Twin'd with the verdant laurel.—Thamyris
Had long been promis'd to his ardent vows—
By Athridates promis'd ; and her heart,
Pleas'd with a father's sanction, own'd its lord ;
Yet then, even at that moment, when Pharnaces,
His heart high-beating with a bridegroom's trans-
port,
Approach'd the flaming altar, Athridates,
B 2 Seduc'd

4 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Seduc'd by Rome, and dazzled by her friendship,
Broke the strong fetters of long-plighted faith,
And tore her from his wishes :—stung to madness,
And too regardless of a father's right,
Impell'd by love, he bore the princess thence,
And plac'd her, half-reluctant, on his throne.

A R T A X I A S.

No more, my friend ; behold the king approaches.

S C E N E II.

ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES, ARTAXIAS,
ORCHANES, *and Guards,*

A T H R I D A T E S,

Ambassador of Pontus, 'tis the hour
Prefix'd for thy return ;—say to thy queen,
A father's love has melted into air
A monarch's just resentments.—I forgive,
And as my child will meet her. Her offences,
Since now repentant, from my memory fade,
Like the light cloud before the summer-breeze,

A R T A B A N E S,

Auspicious sounds ! From this distinguish'd æra
Pontus' and Cappadocia's warlike sons,
A band of brothers, bury all distinction,

A T H R I D A T E S.

The lassitude of age, and toils of war,
Demand a short repose ; the coming night
I give to rest ; but with the rising dawn,
In Themis' temple, I embrace a daughter,
Once dearer than the blood which warms my heart,
And sign a lasting league with brave Pharnaces.

A R T A T

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 5

ARTABANES.

May Jove and righteous Themis bless your union!

ATHRIDATES.

Thanks, generous chief; this further to thy queen:
The dear domestic bliss, so long suspended,
Of mild paternal love, awhile indulg'd
Beneath your monarch's hospitable roof,
And Athridates leads his warriors back,
To guard their native walls and household gods.

ARTABANES.

This hour, the fairest in the rolls of time,
Wipes from the trembling matron's eye the tear,
And spreads unnumber'd blessings thro' the land.

ATHRIDATES.

The stealing step of evening warns thee hence:
See to the west the radiant god of day,
On rapid wing, drives fast his fiery couriers!
Ere he ascend the azure vault of heaven
Expect me in Sinope.—Thou, Orchanes,
Safe to the eastern gate with speed conduct
The valiant Artabanes.—Chief farewell!

SCENE III.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS.

ARTAXIAS.

Behold yon liquid plain!—Its smooth expanse
Late vex'd with blackening storms, like a clear
mirror
Reflects the setting sun, whose quivering beams
Play on the glassy surface! Happy emblem
Of this propitious day!

ATHRI-

6 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Calm is the sea,
The winds are hush'd, and every wave at peace ;
'Tis in my bosom the big tempest rages.

A R T A X I A S.

My lord !——

A T H R I D A T E S.

Artaxias, to thy faithful breast
Thy master trusts his every care. The hour
Dear to my soul, and fondly fought, approaches.

A R T A X I A S.

To-morrow's dawn shall see your vows exchange'd
With Pontus' warlike monarch ; shall behold
Your blended incense rise, in curling volumes,
A grateful offering to the powers divine.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Bellona, guardian goddess of my realm,
In fair Comana's lofty walls ador'd,
First claims my grateful vow. She nerv'd my arm ;
And o'er the land, by fell dismay attended,
March'd by my side, array'd in all her terrors,
And shook her brandish'd spear : She gave me
 conquest,
The glorious meed of heroes.

A R T A X I A S.

The fierce hour
Of raging indignation is elaps'd,
Is past for ever.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Yes, 'tis past—for ever :
The fruitful olive now o'ertops the laurel.

Yet

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

7

Yet busy memory will not be restrain'd ;
She will recall those times of wild contention,
When, driv'n by Mithridates from my throne,
With unrelenting, savage, fury driven !—
Yon vast expanse of waves, this globe of earth,
No longer found for thy insulted lord
A kind asylum from the victor's rage.—
Canst thou forget my son, in youth's first prime,
A beauteous branch, torn from the parent stem,
And falling, in gay vernal bloom, to earth ?
Canst thou forget the sorrows which for him
Have harrow'd up this bosom ?

A R T A X I A S.

By the chance
Of furious war he fell, with glory fell,
And stain'd his youthful sword with hostile blood.

A T H R I D A T E S.

I saw him fall ; still rest the traces here :
I live,—and yet his spirit unappeas'd
Upbraids my lingering vengeance.

A R T A X I A S.

Why pursue
On Pontus' guiltless king a father's crimes ?

A T H R I D A T E S.

Tho' years on years have roll'd, still, at the name
Of Mithridates, keen resentment points
The sleeping thunder ; the stern furies rise
With ten-fold serpents crown'd.

A R T A X I A S.

Be all your wrongs,
My royal lord, forgot !——

A T H R I-

8 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

ATHRIDATES.

Yet more, Pharnaces,
This friend, this new ally, did he not bear,
At dead of night, from these defenceless arms,
My child, my Thamyris; the only hope
Of my declining years; the only hope
His father's sword had left me?

ARTAXIAS.

On his throne
She more than shares his power, respected, lov'd—
The idol of his soul!

ATHRIDATES.

She was my pride,
My joy, my age's comfort, fair as nature
Fresh from the forming hands of mighty Jove:
Nor was her mind less perfect, fram'd, at once,
To give the hour of private life its grace,
Or share the toils of empire.—But no more!—
Let me not thus, with retrospective eye,
Recall the fatal past.

ARTAXIAS.

O Athridates!
Great Lord of nations, learn, at last, to vanquish
Thy own unconquer'd heart.

ATHRIDATES.

What wou'd thy zeal!—
Have I not pledg'd my faith?

ARTAXIAS.

The faith of kings
Should be irrevocable as the mandate
From Jove's imperial throne. 'Tis not an hour
Since to th' ambassador, in yonder tent,
Your royal hand was given in pledge of peace.

1

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, *a* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Mighty king !

A moment since, the centinels descry'd
A warlike train, from yonder hills descending,
Who this way bend their march ;—the tow'ring
eagles
Declare them Roman.

ATHRIDATES.

Brave Domitius comes :
To treaties faithful, leads his dauntless warriors,
From Tyber's banks to join my conquering arms.

ARTAXIAS.

He comes to share the bounty of the gods ;
Fair concord's heart-felt joys.

ATHRIDATES.

He comes to share
The joys of Athridates. Mark me well :
When in the east the ruddy streaks of light
First gild the gay horizon, let the troops,
Arrang'd, in burnish'd arms, attend my will.

SCENE V.

ATHRIDATES.

Yes, the grey dawn shall see me in Sinope ;
Shall see my incense rise, but not to Themis.
Safe, (as they deem) depending on my faith,
C Sinope's

Sinope's thoughtless warriors share the feast,
Begin the choral song, the graceful dance,
And drain the sprightly bowl. Still, blind to fate,
Let them enjoy the mirthful hour, and twine
The festal rose round their devoted brows,
Nor spy the adder lurking mid't the leaves.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*An open Place in the City of Sinope, before the
Portico of the Temple of Themis.*

ARTABANES, TIGRANES.

T I G R A N E S.

HAIL to my friend, by whose successful cares,
The peace of Pontus on the firm foundation
Of royal faith is fix'd, for ages fix'd.
From the tall citadel's commanding summit,
Advancing swiftly to the Eastern gate,
I saw the Cappadocian troops approach
In shining arms.—Their nearest files, ere this,
By Athridates led, have gain'd the city.

A R T A B A N E S.

No longer hostile, to the passing winds
His people's father, brave Pharnaces, gives
His past resentment, and prepares to meet
With every public, every martial honour,
Due to a monarch, hero, father, friend,
The royal Athridates.

T I G R A N E S.

At the altar
Their sacred faith exchange'd, all-beauteous con-
cord

C 2

Prepares

12 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Prepares a fairer wreath than that of conquest,
To bind their peaceful brows.

ARTABANES.

Belov'd of Heav'n,
The gentle power descends, with placid mien,
To bless with milder joys our monarch's reign.

TIGRANES.

With public happiness, for him, the gods
Propitious have entwin'd the heart-felt bliss
Which waits the soft affections. From this hour
(No longer by conflicting duties torn)
The queen to heaven prefers her ardent vows;
Vows which a husband and a father share.

ARTABANES.

Even at this moment, when the imperfect dawn
Just tinges with a faint and trembling lustre
The gilded turrets of yon holy fane,
She seeks the righteous power. The names belov'd
Of Athridates and Pharnaces rise
In rapturous gratulations, at the shrine
Of tutelary Themis. As she pass'd,
I mark'd the triumph which with heighten'd grace
Adorn'd her lovely form: she seem'd to scorn
The earth she trod on, and entranc'd with joy
To press with lighter step the balmy air.

TIGRANES.

Her mind, unruffled with the threatening storm,
Which hung so late o'er these devoted walls,
Resumes its wonted greatness.

ARTABANES.

ARTABANES.

All the strength

Of manly wisdom, mix'd with woman's sweetness,
 In her fair soul in bright assemblage meet;
 Soft as the doves in Cytherea's car,
 Yet lofty as th' imperial eagle's flight.
 But 'tis the hour, when, by the king's command,
 I join th' approaching train. Meanwhile 'tis thine
 Around these lofty walls with care to range
 Thy chosen files, and guard the sacred portal.

SCENE II.

TIGRANES speaks as the Scene changes.

The temple gates unfold, and, see! the queen,
 Bright as Aurora, rising in the east!
 What mingled graces! Thus the Cyprian goddess,
 Drest by the smiling loves, and festive hours,
 On blue Olympus' starry height appears.

*Scene draws to solemn Music, and discovers the
 Inside of the Temple—the Pillars adorned with
 festoons of flowers—an Altar burning, crowned
 with Wreaths of Olive—Orontes, Priests, and
 Virgins in white, ranged on each side—Thamyris
 standing by the Altar.*

THAMYRIS.

All righteous Themis! to thy name we pour
 The song of gratitude! By thee sweet peace
 Spreads her soft wings around us; fast beside
 Thy sacred altar the fair wanderer rests:

14 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Yet not her choicest gifts, not Pontus fav'd,
 Would fill my vows, if, by the goddess led,
 Great Athridates came not. Once again
 My filial arms shall press a much-lov'd father;
 Again his child, his Thamyris, shall see
 The smile paternal on his aged cheek,
 And hear his voice in blessings. Ye, my virgins,
 Bring the fresh flow'rets of the lovely spring,
 To strew his honour'd path.

ORONTES.

The monarchs come:
 Ere this they have embrac'd, and bend their steps
 To this propitious shrine.—Ye holy train,
 Prepare the rites, prepare the sacred cup,
 A pure libation to th' attesting gods,
 The pledge of future concord. Raise the strain
 To awful Themis, arbitress of kings.

[As Orontes approaches the altar, and the orchestra begin the accompaniment, loud thunder is heard on the left—the temple shakes—the flames on the altar are suddenly extinguished, and the whole scene darkened.]

Avert these omens, heaven!

THAMYRIS.

Immortal powers!
 If with pure heart, and will to heaven resign'd,
 I sought this holy fane, protect and pardon
 Your trembling votary. Speak your awful purpose.

SCENE

SCENE III.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, ORONTES,
Priests and Virgins.

ARTABANES.

Break off, break off, your inauspicious rites!
With heav'n the impious Athridates wars:
The Romans, foes profess of human kind,
Abet his perfidy. The king awhile
Retards his progress, but I fear in vain:
Sinope streams with blood. With festive songs,
Unarm'd, and crown'd with wreaths of peaceful
olive,
Our unsuspecting warriors met his steps,
And rush'd on death: nor helpless infancy,
Nor trembling age escapes: on to the palace,
The murderer hews his way.

THAMYRIS.

Ha! to the palace!
Is my child safe! quick, answer—spare, oh spare
A parent's anguish.

ARTABANES.

By the king's command,
The valiant Gordias, with a chosen band,
Protects his innocence.

ORONTES.

Illustrious mourner!
Leave to the gods thy righteous cause; their power
Can strike the falchion from th' uplifted arm,
And wither every nerve.

THA-

T H A M Y R I S.

O! didst thou know
 A mother's fears—her agonizing terrors,
 E'en when no danger threatens! Alarm'd she hears
 The rushing whirlwind in the zephyr's breath,
 If absent from her offspring; let me fly
 And clasp him to my bosom; there alone
 My fears will think him safe,

S C E N E IV.

ORONTES, TIGRANES, *and Priests,*

T I G R A N E S.

Rever'd Orontes,
 I fought the queen; from yonder scene of horror
 I flew to guard her steps.

O R O N T E S.

Brave Artabanes
 Conducts her to the palace.—But our monarch!
 Pharnaces! Does he live?

T I G R A N E S.

With matchless valor
 He stems the tide of battle; but too soon
 Th' unequal conflict ends! Surpriz'd, betray'd,
 A prey to basest perfidy, he falls;
 And Rome and Athridates rule in Pontus,
 Farewel: this sword may yet assist my prince.

O R O N T E S.

Say to the king, the gods are friends to truth:
 Let him remember, keen Adversity
 Is Virtue's healthful school: to-morrow's dawn
 May see this tyrant, whose perfidious bosom,
 With

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 17

With impious daring, mocks the sacred vow,
Prostrate on earth, confess the gods are just.
Retire, whilst here the ministers of heaven,
Submissive, deprecate the wrath divine.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

PHARNACES, THAMYRIS, *meeting.*

THAMYRIS.

My lord! my life! do I again behold thee?
At sight of thee, my terrors all are vanish'd,
Like darkness at the morning's orient beam.

PHARNACES.

Clear rose that orient beam, to set in blood!
And is it thus we meet? O Thamyris!
Thy impious father! But I would not grieve thee.

THAMYRIS.

Canst thou forgive me!—Cruel Athridates!
Why art thou leagued with Rome, whose fell am-
bition
Spurns Nature's laws, and points the father's sword
E'en at his children's bosoms?

PHARNACES.

Though defeated,
I am not conquer'd; still the mighty spirit
Of Mithridates animates this bosom.
One hope remains: beneath Sinope's walls,
My choicest troops, encamp'd, expect with ardour
Their monarch's presence, as the happy signal

D

Of

18 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Of conquest and revenge. The gods may give me
To tear the laurel from the faithless brows
Of Rome and Cappadocia, and to strike
The vengeful faulchion to the tyrant's heart.

T H A M Y R I S.

For me what hope remains ? a husband, father,
Arm'd to destroy each other. My lov'd lord !
By the fond passion which unites our souls,
Let me adjure thee, by the rolling years
Of faith unspotted, go not to the field.

P H A R N A C E S.

Soul of my life, forbear ! the present moment
Is all the fates allow ; I must not hear thee.
Is this a time for softness, when Revenge
Presents her flaming sword, with blood distain'd,
And summons me away ! the minutes call :
E'en while I speak, my guiltless people perish :
Terror and death round Athridates stalk ;
If soften'd by thy tears my purpose slackens,
'Tis past, and Pontus falls.

T H A M Y R I S.

Inhuman, go ;
Haste to the warring camp, and leave me here,
The savage conqueror's prey ; leave thy Eumenes,
Thy helpless son, with me to drag a chain,
To grace the victor's car, and soothe the pride
Of impious Rome.

P H A R N A C E S.

Thy words have rous'd a serpent.
But heaven inspires ! Yes ! I will save you both.

T H A M Y R I S.

Then thou wilt stay, and guard with pious care
The

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

19

The palace of thy fathers—guard thy son!
Thy wife! thy people! who with ardent eyes
Look up to thee for safety.

PHARNACES.

On this sword,
Stain'd with the blood of perfidy and fraud—

THAMYRIS.

Why dost thou tremble! say what dreadful purpose.

PHARNACES.

My queen! my best belov'd—to awful Themis,
Protectress of the injur'd, on this sword
Swear to obey whate'er commands the gods
By me impose.

THAMYRIS.

I swear, by awful Themis,
Protectress of the injur'd!

PHARNACES.

Heaven may give me
To conquer in a cause which every god
Must sure approve: but if the haughty eagles
Here bend their fatal flight: if heaven decrees
The subject-world must weep in chains, to glut
Rome's merciless ambition: if Pharnaces
From yonder field, where hope expands her wing,
Returns a breathless corse; or, vanquish'd, leaves
thee

A helpless captive in the victor's power——
How shall I speak the rest? See'st thou this dagger?
A husband's last, best gift.

THAMYRIS.

Thou hast divin'd

D 2

My

Yet there is more.
Now steel thy soul, for I shall wound it deep!
Eumenes!

My child?—Thou canst not mean—

Shall he, the royal heir of mighty kings—
A line of heroes—at the conqueror's wheels
Drag a vile chain, a spectacle of scorn
Through Rome's insulting streets? Could'st thou,
 expiring,
Leave him in Roman bonds?

The dreadful image
Chills every source of life.

If Rome prevails,
 Deep in his infant bosom plunge that steel,
 And save him from dishonour ! [Thamyris *faints*.
 Ha ! she dies !
 'The blood forsakes her cheek ! What have I done ?
 Too far I urg'd her heart.

'[*Recovering.*]' Where is Eumenes !
 I thought—but 'twas a dream ! Ah ! no—that
 dagger—
 The dire remembrance flashes on my soul ;
 Pharnaces

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 21

Pharnaces, could thy hand?—Alas, he knows not
A mother's tenderness,

PHARNACES.

Like thee a parent,
I love my child, e'en with a mother's fondness;
Yet to preserve him from ignoble bonds—
But I will trust thy virtue: to thy care
I leave my all, my son, my kingdom's hope.
If heaven directs the battle, we shall meet,
Victorious meet; if not, that mind august
Will speak the rest; 'tis thine to set him free.

THAMYRIS.

And canst thou leave me thus! perhaps for ever!
O! I have much to say—these starting tears—

PHARNACES.

My soul's best treasure! see'st thou not the pangs
Which rend my tortur'd heart? the mighty voice
Of public duty calls me. Does the storm
On us alone descend? At this dread moment
How many weeping matrons mourn their lords!
How many agonizing mothers curse,
In bitterness of soul, thy father's sword!
Wilt thou conspire against me! Pitying gods!
O save me from her sorrows! I must leave thee;
Leave thee midst foes; but 'tis to save from bondage
This bleeding land.

THAMYRIS.

Where has my spirit slept?
Where is that spark of heaven-descended virtue
Which gives the diadem its brightest lustre,
And fires the monarch's bosom? Go, Pharnaces,
Thy duty calls; I yield thee to thy people:
Forgive

Forgive me ; go, thy country's best defender ;
And may the gods protect thee !

P H A R N A C E S.

To my child
Bear this embrace, and say—but whilst I linger,
The work of fate goes on. Thou wilt remember—
The faithless Romans come—that steel!—Eu-
menes!—
The last of Mithridates' conquering race—
The blood of heroes fills his infant veins—
If he is doom'd a slave——

T H A M Y R I S.

No more, no more :
Tho' horror shakes my frame, yet go secure!—
Trust to my faith ;—ne'er shall the conquering race
Of Mithridates blush in chains.

P H A R N A C E S.

Farewell !

SCENE VI.

T H A M Y R I S.

What has my rashness sworn! All-righteous
Themis!
O spare a mother's crime!—Let my lov'd lord
Return with conquest crown'd!—Preserve the
hero,
Who combats for his country!—In the field
Be present with him ;—nerve his patriot arm!
Give the lov'd monarch to his people's wishes,
And show mankind the great reward of virtue,

A C T

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Street.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS.

ATHRIDATES.

REVENGE at length is mine: on yonder
towers
The Cappadocian banners proudly wave
And wanton in the gale. The fierce Pharnaces,
A lion in the toils, within his palace
Hides his dishonour'd head.

ARTAXIAS.

Ill-fated prince !

ATHRIDATES.

Dost thou lament him ? By th' unburied dead
Sent by my conquering sword this day to seek
The gloomy borders of stern Pluto's reign,
Another word like that, and to the shades
Thy trembling ghost shall follow.

ARTAXIAS.

When I view
The dreadful carnage of this day of blood ;
See this fair city, which the dawn beheld
The pride of Asia, humbled in the dust ;
Her slaughter'd citizens; her blazing domes ;
Her infants, clinging round their dying mothers ;
Forgive me, sir ; if, loyal as I am,
I drop the tear humane.

ATH-

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ATHRIDATES:

Reserve thy tears ;
If for my foes they fall, those tears are treason.

ARTAXIAS.

My sword, my arm, my life, O king ! are yours ;
The feelings of my heart, the sacred drops
Of generous pity, heaven alone controuls.

ATHRIDATES.

Keep them for heaven, nor damp thy master's
triumph
With inauspicious sorrows.

ARTAXIAS.

Spare at least
A child in Thamyris.

ATHRIDATES.

Thou plead'st in vain :
No, heaven be witness, I will ne'er withdraw
The fiends of carnage, 'till the fierce Pharnaces,
His queen (no more my daughter), and their son,
The bond of their detested union, glut
The ravening vulture's hunger. Let her perish :—
She dies,—this sword—or rather let her live ;
Live to drink up the bitter cup of shame ;
To swell the triumph of victorious Rome ;
In chains, to follow the proud car of Cæsar,
And learn to scorn a father.

ARTAXIAS.

Can your heart,
To pity dead, forget her infant charms,
Her springing dawn of beauty?

A T H-

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ATHRIDATES.

Speak not of her :
Speak of revenge : of slaughter, horrors,—death;
Her disobedience draws the righteous sword,
And I am but the delegate of heaven,
To strike the destin'd blow.

SCENE II.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES.

ORCHANES.

From brave Domitius—

ATHRIDATES.

Has he too conquer'd? my impatient spirit
Prevents the step of time.

ORCHANES.

Great Athridates,
Be all thy days like this! Thy foes give way
On every side: Domitius has attack'd
Yon hostile camp; unequal to the conflict,
Their vanquish'd files retire.

ATHRIDATES.

For this shall bleed
The snowy herd on dread Bellona's altar,
In grateful sacrifice.

ORCHANES.

The rest, my voice
Unwillingly relates—

ATHRIDATES.

Ha! say'st thou—speak!—

E

ORCHANES

ORCHANES.

'This moment, from the ramparts, I beheld
Pharnaces pass the gate, which, near his palace,
Leads to the royal tent.

ATHRIDATES.

Escap'd!—confusion!—

ORCHANES.

He but escap'd to make his fall more fatal,
More glorious your revenge. Domitius' troops,
With closing ranks, almost surround his camp,
Nor can his presence save his faithful bands
From Rome's all-conquering legions.

ATHRIDATES.

Yet one way
My power can reach his heart,—his queen,—his
son —
Haste, force the palace gates; secure them both;
My eager fury will not brook delay.

SCENE III.

The Palace.

THAMYRIS, XIPHARES.

THAMYRIS.

By sorrow led, unknowing where I wander,
Through each apartment of this once-lov'd palace
I trace my cheerless way. Pale fear and terror,
The sad attendants on a state like mine,
Have from this heart, oppress'd with keenest an-
guish,
Chac'd every lucid ray of expectation.

XIPHARES.

XIPHARES.

Great God of battles !

If dearer far to heaven than hecatombs
 A monarch's virtues, justice, mercy, truth,
 Firm faith unspotted, valor still chafis'd
 By mild compassion, grace Pharnaces' reign,
 Auspicious hear ! and aid the prince who draws
 Constrain'd th' unwilling sword ! the prince who
 wars
 Not to destroy, but save !

SCENE IV.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, XIPHARES.

ARTABANES.

My gracious queen !

With hasty step, advancing to the palace,
 This way the Cappadocian troops advance,
 Led by their haughty lord : a glittering grove
 Of hostile spears play in the quivering sun-beams,
 And emulate the day. This regal dome
 Affords a poor precarious hour of safety.

THAMYRIS.

Xiphares, haste : Do thou conduct my child.
 If he is safe, my soul unmov'd can meet
 The wildest rage of fate—away—away,
 Thou know'st the winding path,—the dark abode,
 Where sleep th' illustrious heroes of his race.
 Even Athridates, cruel as he is,
 Will fear to violate the awful tomb.

[Clashing of swords.]

This instant fly, the murderous band approach.

S C E N E V.

THAMYRIS. ARTABANES.

THAMYRIS.

Throw wide the gates ; resistance now is vain :
 The raging storm in thunder breaks above us,—
 But I will meet it.—

S C E N E VI.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES.

ARTABANES.

Ha ! my father here !
 My trembling heart recoils.—

ATHRIDATES.

Imperious woman !
 Hast thou forgot me ?

THAMYRIS.

Wou'd I could forget
 This day of matchless horrors !

ATHRIDATES.

Her stern eyes
 Disdainful fix'd on earth, she meets with scorn
 The father she abandon'd. Say, obdurate,
 Ere on thy head the vengeful steel descends,
 Where hast thou hid my victim ? the remains
 Of Mithridates' race ? the impious pledge
 Of thy unhallow'd nuptials ?

THAMYRIS.

'Midst yon heaps,
 Yon slaughter'd heaps, where age and infancy
 Fro-

Promiscuous swell the dreadful carnage, seek
His unprotected innocence. But where,
Inhuman ? tell me,—where is my Pharnaces ?
Where are my murder'd people !—kingdom !—
throne !

All, all, my unsuspecting, woman's, heart,
Betray'd to Athridates.—My fond wish
To hail once more the tender name of father,
To kiss that hand rever'd, and sue for pardon ;
My weak, mistaken, filial piety,
Have pierc'd with tenfold wounds this bleeding
land,
And wing'd the arrow to my husband's heart.

ATHRIDATES.

'Tis well, this arrogance becomes a daughter.

THAMYRIS.

Becomes a queen : thy cruelty has raz'd
Each tender name from nature's beauteous volume,
And clos'd the fond account. No more a daughter
Implores a father's smile ; but majesty,
Offended, wounded, injur'd, majesty,
Meets its oppressor. Powerful as thou art,
Lord of my fate, I rise superior to thee
For thou hast broke thy faith.

ATHRIDATES.

Why waste I words ?
The king, the conqueror, demands his captive :
Produce thy son, or instant death, embitter'd
By keenest tortures, waits thee.

THAMYRIS.

Vain these threats ;
A mother's bosom, trembling for her child,
One fear alone can know.

ATHRI-

ATHRIDATES.

Thou fear'st for him!—
 He lives then!—but 'tis well—be still that fear
 Thy curse, 'till vengeance comes! Thou canst not
 long
 Conceal him from my search:—A father's justice
 Shall reach that heart relentless, and inflict
 Pangs I could almost pity.—In that hour,
 That trying hour, to meet with heart unmov'd
 The sword of Rome, and brave a father's vengeance,
 What god omnipotent shall give thee courage?

THAMYRIS.

The god within the soul,—despair,—myself.

ATHRIDATES.

Soon shalt thou meet the trial: summon all
 Thy boasted fortitude.—The hour approaches.

SCENE VII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES,
 ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES.

ORCHANES.

Great Athridates! o'er the lonely palace,
 In vain, at thy command, we sought the prince:
 In some unknown retreat, from every eye
 The queen conceals her son.

THAMYRIS.

Beyond thy power
 He lives, protected by th' immortal gods.
 Yes, thy allies, from Tyber's faithless banks,
 Shall want the noblest trophy of the war;
 My child shall mock their fury.

I

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Woman's rage,
Though fierce, is harmless as the missive dart
From childhood's feeble arm. Do thou, Orchanes,
At distance wait the queen; observe her steps,
But leave them free.

S C E N E IX.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS.

Sincere and undisguis'd
As fond, believing, smiling infancy,
Suspicion dwells not with her; yet her spirit
To fear superior rises. Fraudful guile,
Not force, must gain my purpose. To the snare
Maternal love will guide her. Led by terror,
And anxious to elude my threaten'd vengeance,
When unrestrain'd, her busy thought will weave
Th' infidious web, in which herself, intangled,
Will meet more sure destruction.

A R T A X I A S.

Gracious king!
See me implore you for a once-lov'd daughter,
Now fall'n from power, the captive of your arms,
Whose weakness pleads for mercy.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Power of Vengeance!
To thee my vows are paid! The great resolve,
The

The hardy deed are thine ! Let my brave troops
[To Artaxias.
Find from their arduous toils a short repose :
That done, again they draw the glittering steel,
And join yon camp. The word be *Victory*.

SCENE X.

The Garden of the Palace; the Scene terminated by a dark Grove, leading to the Tomb of Mithridates, a Part of which appears at a Distance through the Trees.

ARTABANES, TIGRANES.

ARTABANES.

A dreadful interval of solemn silence
Succeeds the tumult of the raging battle,
And through Sinope reigns. O'er all the city
No sound is heard, except a falling murmur,
Which, less and less, expires upon the ear,
Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,
After the storm subsides.

TIGRANES.

A calm like this
Precedes the baleful tempest. Still in arms
The troops of Athridates silent wait
Their cruel master's will.

ARTABANES.

The moments seem
Eventful, and the coming hour decides
Whether the trembling sons of Pontus bow
Beneath the yoke of foreign tyranny,

Org;

Or, crown'd with conquest, on their native lord
Delighted gaze, and raise the song to heaven.

T I G R A N E S.

If yet Pharnaces lives, ye gods protect him!
Protect this gracious image of yourselves,
Who, midst the horrors of relentless war,
Has made a nation blest.

A R T A B A N E S.

When fierce invasion
Roll'd like a torrent o'er th' affrighted land,
Have we not seen him, terrible in fight,
As Mars resistless, point the glittering spear,
As war were his delight? yet to his people
Gentle as Maia's son, as Themis just,
Benignant as the god who strikes the lyre,
And leads, serene, the radiant pomp of day.

T I G R A N E S.

Behold the queen! Along the verdant grove,
Which from the noontide fervor shades the palace,
And, winding, leads to Mithridates' tomb,
Her footsteps haste: with wild enquiring glance
Her piercing eye pervades th' umbrageous gloom:
She stops, she listens, like the trembling hind,
Which from the hunters rage conceals her young,
And pants, alarm'd, whene'er the rustling leaf
By Zephyr's breath is fann'd.

A R T A B A N E S.

The gates unfold:
Xiphares meets her step. Respect her sorrows;
At distance let us wait, to guard her back
With duteous care in safety to the palace.

F

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

The Place of Sepulchre of the Kings of Pontus; several magnificent Tombs; in the Middle of the Stage that of Mithridates.

(A faint Light just makes the Tombs visible.)

THAMYRIS, *leading* EUMENES;

XIPHARES *attending.*

THAMYRIS.

'Tis past! I heard distinct the fatal knell;
The conquering shout from Rome's embattled
legions.
Pharnaces falls!—the husband, father, king;
The idol of his people, the last hope
Of wretched Pontus.—O, too greatly daring!
In vain I wept, I kneel'd. Thou dearest object
Of a fond mother's love, her fears, her sorrows!
The fatal hour is come, and we must die.
Thy father's spirit calls. Immortal Powers!
Who pour'd into my bosom woman's softness,
If you decree this trembling hand must shed
The blood of innocence, O steel my soul,
And mould my heart to all my father's fierceness.

XIPHARES.

O shade rever'd of mighty Mithridates!
Ye sacred manes of a line of heroes!
Protect your royal offspring!

THAMY-

THAMYRIS.

Ever faithful
To Mithridates' house, to thee I trust
My soul's last hope ; perhaps thy infant king.
Within this awful mansion of the dead
Awhile conceal his helpless innocence.
Sole hope of my sad heart, why bend on me
Those tender beams, which harrow up my soul !
Why dost thou tremble ? Why retire thy steps ?
The good Xiphares will attend thee still.

XIPHARES.

Whate'er your purpose, royal Thamyris,
Each moment now is precious.

THAMYRIS.

My lov'd !
Yield to thy fate : receive this kiss, and live ;
For me, this awful pile, the sad asylum
Of all my soul holds dear, shall soon receive me.
If death alone can save me from the Romans,
My unembod'ed spirit still shall hover
Where'er the gods conduct thee. Go, my child !
I cannot say, farewell !

[Xiphares leads Eumenes to the Tomb ; they
enter, and the Doors close. Thamyris looks
after them.]

S C E N E XII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS,
ORCHANES.

ATHRIDATES.

[To Artax.] Urge me no more. See, from a
father's mercy
She flies to this vile tomb, where rest the ashes
Of him my soul detested! What dire purpose
Could from thy palace lead thy erring steps
To this abhorr'd abode? Whom seek'st thou here?

THAMYRIS.

The king of terrors—Death—

ATHRIDATES.

Soon shalt thou find him.
He comes with rapid pace. Approach, my warriors.

S C E N E XIII.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS,
ORCHANES.

Soldiers, with Torches and Axes.

This haughty mausoleum of a race
To Athridates fatal, shall no longer
Insult yon azure sky. My swift revenge
Shall level these proud walls, and to the winds
Disperse the ashes of a hostile line.

THAMY-

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 37

THAMYRIS.

Thou wilt not sure, with war's impurpled horrors,
Prophane this peaceful tomb of Pontus' kings!
From the cold grave what can a conqueror fear?
O spare this hallow'd dust!

ATHRIDATES.

And can the queen
Of great Pharnaces weep? that haughty spirit
Descend to melt in tears?

THAMYRIS.

True, these fond tears,
These unavailing drops, disgrace the daughter,
The wife, of mighty kings: relentless fury
Would best become my wrongs. Yet hear me,
fire!
Revere the gods, and spare th' illustrious dead.

ATHRIDATES.

Advance, and from its deep foundation raze
This tomb, which mocks my vengeance.

*[The Soldiers advance. Thamyris snatches a
Sword, and stands before the Tomb.]*

THAMYRIS.

Hence, ye slaves!
He dies who dares approach. The timid dove
Will brave the vulture, to defend her young.

ATHRIDATES.

Instant obey me, or your lives shall answer.

*[The Soldiers force open the Tomb, and Eumenes
appears, Xiphares (his sword drawn) hold-
ing him by the hand. Military Trophies.
A Lamp burning within the Tomb.]*

Propi-

38 The SIEGE of SINOPE.

Propitious powers! at length I hold my victim.

[Thamyris drops the Sword, and falls at the feet of Athridates.]

THAMYRIS.

King! father! Athridates! by the blood
From thee deriv'd, which fills these circling veins,
With pity hear me! from thy threaten'd vengeance,
From death, dishonor, and the chains of Rome,
Within this horrid tomb's relentless walls
A mother's love conceal'd him.

ATHRIDATES.

Rise, fond woman.

THAMYRIS.

Thou wilt not shed his blood?

ATHRIDATES.

Hence—Trust a father,
In whom a latent spark of struggling nature
Yet pleads for him, for thee.

[Thamyris rises, goes to the Tomb, and leads Eumenes to Athridates.]

THAMYRIS.

I will believe thee.

Come from this dark abode, thou wretched heir
Of an unhappy mother! See, O, king!
This terror of the Romans! the remains
Of an unhappy race by thee pursued.
What canst thou fear from him? Go, my Eumenes;
Embrace those knees; and print obsequious kisses
On that respected hand. My soul's soft darling!
Why dost thou gaze upon me? 'tis not base;
A mother's

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 39

A mother's terrors, and remorseless fate,
Command thy prompt obedience. Kneel, my child.

ATHRIDATES.

Orchanes, to the palace wait the queen :
Her son remains with me.

THAMYRIS.

Thou wilt not part us ?
Give, give, one moment to my breaking heart.
Come to my bosom, child of many sorrows !
They shall not tear thee from me.

ATHRIDATES.

Ha ! take heed,
Nor let thy fond impatience lanch the bolt
Which stops, suspended o'er him.

THAMYRIS.

From my hand
Receive him, Athridates. If thy fury
Attempt his infant life, may every God
Pour on thy head devoted—Gracious heaven !
What means my rage ? I cannot curse a father.

ATHRIDATES.

Artaxias, guard secure Pharnaces' son :
Conduct him to the citadel : thy life
(Observe me well) shall answer for the trust.

THAMYRIS.

Wilt thou not spare him ! O, for him, for him !

ATHRIDATES.

Thy agitated soul demands repose.
And my compassion grants it. To the palace

Turn from this scene of horrors. Soon I'll see thee
And fix thy fate with his.

THAMYRIS.

If yet one ray
Of soft paternal tenderness remains !
With pity hear me ! hear the mighty voice
Of awful nature ! change thy stern decree,
From wild despair save this distracted bosom,
And give Eumenes to a mother's tears !

SCENE XIV.

ATHRIDATES.

Behold his mein, where mixt with infant sweetness,
Dwells the commanding majesty of kings !
There might be danger. Such a radiant dawn
Portends a mid-day sun of dazzling lustre.
But all is well. Now tremble, proud Pharnaces.
The fates enclose them round ; my soul exults,
And, raptur'd, hails the hour of great revenge.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES, *meeting.*

THAMYRIS.

SAW'ST thou Artaxias? does compassion touch
My father's soften'd bosom?

ARTABANES.

Such compassion
Feels the fell Tiger for his panting prey.

THAMYRIS.

What mean thy words? I tremble; a cold dew
Hangs on my frame, and chills my vital powers.
Does my Eumenes live? If thou hast pity,
O, tell me whilst I yet have life to hear thee.

ARTABANES.

I saw him smile, unconscious of his fate;
But soon in Roman chains, with you, deliver'd
To stern Domitius' power—

THAMYRIS.

First shall this dagger—
I was prepar'd for death, but not for shame.
Let the devouring faulchion drink our blood,
Let tortures agonize, let flames consume,
Let death approach in all his terrors drest,

G

And

And I will meet his presence unappall'd ;
 Will give my child, my soul's far dearest part,
 Without a groan to his abhorr'd embrace ;
 But save us, heaven, from the vile chains of Rome!

ARTABANES.

To bondage, to the car of haughty Cæsar,
 To shame, to death, your cruel father dooms
 The daughter once lov'd, the infant heir
 Of mighty Mithridates: yon proud Roman
 (Unless the gods assist our monarch's sword,
 And drive these fell invaders from our walls)
 This night receives, and sends you to the Senates.

THAMYRIS.

My lord! my lov'd Pharnaces!
 I have indeed betray'd thee; broke those vows,
 Which, dreadful as they were, my lips pronounc'd
 Before th' attesting gods.—A moment's pause—
 Fond hope will yet intrude: it cannot be:
 He will not give a daughter once lov'd,
 To glut the pride of Rome. Where hast thou heard
 This tale of horror?

ARTABANES.

From the good Artaxias,
 Whose tears with mine were mingled as he spoke,
 I learnt his cruel purpose.

THAMYRIS.

Lead me to him,—
 To Athridates, Cappadocia's tyrant,
 This scepter'd murderer, this crown'd assassin,
 This scourge of trembling infancy, this—father.

ARTABANES.

My queen! my royal mistress!—

THA-

THAMYRIS.

Forgive, ye awful powers, who know my wrongs,
 These ravings of a soul to madness urg'd.
 No—not to save my child, did I behold
 The fatal steel aim'd at his infant bosom,
 Should parricide pollute these guiltless hands.
 Great nature's voice arrests my dagger's point;
 Spite of his crimes, he is my father still.

ARTABANES.

Let me adjure you, by the sacred life
 Of your Pharnaces; by your helpless child,
 The beauteous pledge of your ill-fated loves;
 Yourself; your faithful people; to restrain
 These wild, impetuous fallies of your soul,
 Nor draw destruction on yourself, on all.

THAMYRIS.

I will command the feelings of my heart;
 Will meet him with the uncomplaining eye,
 The silent tear of suffering resignation.

ARTABANES.

My gracious queen! fierce Athridates comes.

THAMYRIS.

Retire, and leave us free.

SCENE II.

THAMYRIS.

I wou'd be calm,
 Would soothe to peace this whirlwind of the
 passions,
 And wear dissimulation's treacherous smile;

But my full soul, to holy truth inur'd,
Disdains the base disguise.

S C E N E III.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, *a Soldier.*

ATHRIDATES.

Bear these dispatches to the Roman camp :

This night we join their bands. *(to the Soldier.*
Thamyris. *I fought thee;*
[Exit Soldier.]

THAMYRIS.

Com'st thou to mock my sorrows ! to enjoy
A mother's agonies ? Yes, plunge thy sword
In the meek breast of smiling innocence ;
The deed will crown the horrors of this day.

ATHRIDATES.

My word is past : Domitius claims his captives :
Thou and thy son are doom'd to grace the car,
And swell the triumph, of all-conquering Cæsar.

THAMYRIS.

'Tis well, 'tis well.—Great Athridates' daughter,
Her son, the last of his imperial race,
In chains shall follow Cæsar : not o'er Pontus,
O'er Cappadocia shall the Romans triumph.

ATHRIDATES.

Too deep already has my bosom felt
The pang that thought awakens : touch'd with pity
I came to save thee (but thy headlong passion

Has

Has blasted my fond purpose); to restore
This darling of thy soul, thy lov'd Eumenes,
To give him life and empire.

THAMYRIS.

Wilt thou save him?
Thus low I bend before th' immortal gods,
To beg a blessing on thee.

ATHRIDATES.

O'er the king
The father has prevail'd; I bring thee peace;
Again the diadem shall bind thy brow,
And thy Eumenes reign.

THAMYRIS.

Transporting sounds!
I have again a father: canst thou pardon
The wildness of my rage? 'Twas fear alone;
My terrors for Eumenes. Let me kiss
That sacred hand, and with my tears atone
For every past offence.

ATHRIDATES.

I pardon thee,
And take thee to my heart. I must remember
Those hours when, dearer than the light of heaven,
Thou wert my soul's best comfort.

THAMYRIS.

'Tis too much,
This sudden torrent of impetuous transport—
My lord!—my king!—my father!

ATHRIDATES.

Still my daughter,
All-powerful nature pleads thy cause—one struggle,
One sacrifice, and all is well.—Pharnaces!

THA-

THAMYRIS.

He too shall thank thee for a child preserv'd,
For peace, recover'd empire. In the fane
Of holy Themis, heaven shall join your hands,
And Thamyris be blest beyond the state
Of frail mortality.

ATHRIDATES.

Attentive hear.—

This is the crisis of thy fate; the moment
Which to thy hand a double sceptre gives,
Or sinks thee to a slave.

THAMYRIS.

What means my father?

ATHRIDATES.

Thus far I have prevail'd; consent to break
The impious ties which bind thee to Pharnaces,
To give him up to my revenge, and Pontus
To-morrow yielded to thy guardian care,
Shall own Eumenes' sway; and when the gods
Shall call me to themselves, the fruitful fields
Of Cappadocia shall behold thee seated
On Athridates' throne.

THAMYRIS.

'Tis past—farewell.—

ATHRIDATES.

Return, and hear me; or this pointed steel
Shall leave thee childless.

THAMYRIS.

My fond heart had hop'd,—
But our unhappy sex is born to suffer.

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

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ATHRIDATES.

My mercy scorn'd? On thy devoted head
The massy ruin falls.

THAMYRIS.

Is this thy mercy?
Thy boasted tenderness? Connubial Juno!
In whose bright fane my nuptial vows were seal'd,
Hear, and record! If e'er my faithless heart,
To honour lost, break with unhallow'd lightness
The sacred ties by all mankind rever'd,
The holy bonds of Hymen, may I perish
Unpitied, unreveng'd, the scorn of all
Whose bosoms burn with virtue's glorious flame!

ATHRIDATES.

Thy son shall die.

THAMYRIS.

Then we will die together.

ATHRIDATES.

For the fond idol of thy woman's heart
Who reign'd this morn o'er Pontus, thy Pharnaces,
Expect no aid from him; the Roman eagle
Expands his wing, and hovers dreadful o'er him,
Resistless to descend.

TEAMYRIS.

The righteous powers,
Who love the just, will guard him.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

THAMYRIS, ATHRIDATES, ARTABANES,
ORCHANES.

ORCHANES.

Royal Sir,
A Roman tribune, by Domitius sent,
Demands your private ear.

ATHRIDATES.

Now hear, and tremble!
That tribune is thy fate; the hour is past;
The hour my weakness gave. Hence, dove-like
pity!

Let vengeance steel my soul!—Yet once again—

[*Going—Returns.*]

Fond woman, hear a father; once again
The voice of nature pleads. Thy darling son—
The flaming altar is already drest,
And thirsts to drink his blood. Thy guards with-
drawn,

I leave thee free: till night's pale queen ascends
With trembling ray, yon mountain's lofty summit,
My pity gives thee: when, by fierce Bellona,
Comana's guardian goddess, here I swear,
As thou decid'st, he dies, or reigns in Pontus.

S C E N E V.

THAMYRIS, ARTABANES.

THAMYRIS.

Ye powers of heaven! where sleeps your awful
thunder?
My child is doom'd!

A R T A-

ARTABANES.

Be patient, gracious princefs.

THAMYRIS.

Am I not patient? Patient as the victim
That pants beneath the knife of facrifice?
Have they not, unrefifted, torn him from me,
From a fond mother's arms?—Hark! Heard'ft thou
not
That found confus'd!—No,—'Twas th'ideal voice
Of penfive fancy, fick with anxious care.

ARTABANES.

The found was real: from the king's apartment,
Some one approaches —Is it poffible?
O extacy! beyond the foaring reach
Of bright-ey'd hope, or fancy's fond creation!
Behold! our monarch comes—

THAMYRIS.

It is Pharnaces!

And sorrow from this heart is chac'd for ever.

SCENE VI.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES,
ARTABANES.

PHARNACES.

And doft thou live?

THAMYRIS.

And art thou here to ask?

What god has led thee fafe?

H

PHAR

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

PHARNACES.

The god who rules
The battle's rage, has sav'd and sent me to thee.

THAMYRIS.

Forgive my woman's terrors; hast thou conquer'd?
Where are thy troops? Should cruel Athridates!—
Alas! my lord! in this defenceless palace,
The palace of thy fathers, he commands;
Though now withdrawn, his guards may soon
return:
Here safety dwells not.

PHARNACES.

The degenerate sons
Of Rome avoid the fight. I found my troops.
By numbers aw'd, retiring: at my sight,
As with new souls inform'd, they rush'd to battle,
Like the big torrent bursting every mound.
The legions stop'd; Domitius led them back,
Inglorious: in the field my faithful warriors,
All high of soul, and eager to engage,
Now wait my wish'd return.

THAMYRIS.

How didst thou pass
Sinope's gates?

PHARNACES.

Along the verdant grove
Of great Apollo, by a path unknown,
Sacred to mighty Mithridates' race,
Which to the palace leads, I came secure,
To save thee from thyself.

- T H A -

THAMYRIS.

Great god of day!
For this, before thy consecrated shrine,
Shall my full heart pour forth the grateful vow.

PHARNACES.

Anxious for thee, and trembling for thy fate,
I flew to abrogate the dreadful oath
My fears this morn impos'd, to bid thee live,
And trust in heaven. A gleam of smiling hope
Breaks through the cloud of black adversity,
As the fair orient ray dispels the shades
Of sable night. My brother of the war,
Cyaxares, Armenia's youthful monarch,
Weary of Roman tyranny, advances,
To aid my cause; and when the setting sun
Dips his last beams in ocean, joins my arms.

THAMYRIS.

Then heaven is just!—The powers celestial aid thee!

PHARNACES.

Fir'd by returning hope, my hardy veterans,
With fair Armenia's yet unconquer'd sons,
Will storm the Roman camp; thou, Artabanes,
Prepare my faithful people for the hour
Of conquest and revenge: let part in arms,
Ere midnight o'er the world her mantle throws,
By valiant Gordias led, expect my coming.
The queen with me departs: Eumenes too,
Whilst fair occasion smiles: conduct him hither:
He too must leave Sinope—Ha! in tears?—
Hast thou too well obey'd me! Has thy dagger!—
My fatal gift!—

THAMYRIS.

He lives.

H 2

PHAR-

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

PHARNACES.

He lives!—no more!
 Daughter of Athridates! O beware!
 Wake not the sleeping adder in my bosom!
 Dear as I love thee, should thy woman's fears—

THAMYRIS.

What means thy fury?

PHARNACES.

Say;—where is Eumenes?
 Perhaps in yonder camp—dost thou inherit
 A father's baseness? has thy coward-heart
 To Rome resign'd him? Giv'n him up to bondage?
 To breathe a few short hours this ambient air,
 The fetter'd child of shame?

THAMYRIS.

Unkind and cruel!
 The iron hand of tyrant power has torn him
 From these defenceless arms, like me a captive,
 He looks to heaven, and to his father's sword,
 For life and freedom.

PHARNACES.

My prophetic fears!
 A captive! wherefore did my fondness trust
 Thy woman's heart? The hero's glow of soul,
 The generous thought, firm virtue's stubborn
 purpose,
 Thy feeble bosom feels not.

THAMYRIS.

Learn to know
 This heart, which beats as proudly as thy own,
 At honour's god-like voice. Thou bad'st me hope;
 Should that fond hope forsake me, should'st thou
 fall,

Which every god avert! This heart resolv'd,
This faithful steel, a mother's ardent love,
Fearless as thine, shall pierce the tyrant's guards,
And free Eumenes.

PHARNACES.

I have wrong'd thee much,
Soul of my life! have wrong'd thy faith, thy
virtue.

Canst thou forgive my rage? A parent's pangs,
The pangs of bleeding honour, rend my heart,
And fire my brain to madness.—But no more—
To yonder warring field, a nation's safety,
The voice of glory, calls me. [Going.

THAMYRIS.

Yet, Pharnaces,
Yet one request. If, in the battle's fury,
Thou meet'st my father, turn thy sword aside,
And seek another victim.

PHARNACES.

Stop those tears,
Which, like the dew-drops on the lily's bell,
Weigh down thy drooping beauties. Does the
tyrant
Deserve this waste of goodness?

ARTABANES.

Haste, my lord!
Stern Athridates comes!—a moment more
And Pontus falls.

THAMYRIS.

THAMYRIS.

O save thyself, Pharnaces!
Haste to the camp, and leave us to the gods.

PHARNACES.

I go: but, in a few revolving hours,
Expect me here, to save, or perish with you.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

On the left Hand, the Camp of Pharnaces in Prospect at the Entrance of a Grove; the Time near Midnight; the Moon risen; the Tents with Lights dispers'd amongst the Trees, the Royal Tent in the Front of the others: on the right Hand a Road over a Mountain, from whence Pharnaces descends with his Army.—Grand March.

PHARNACES, TIGRANES, and Soldiers.

TIGRANES.

MY gracious lord, may every hour, like this,
 Bear conquest on its wing! o'er yonder hills
 The Romans fly;—those tyrants of mankind,
 Whose rage destructive lights the flaming brand,
 And scatters terror thro' the mild abodes,
 Where concord wont to dwell.

PHARNACES.

My gallant friend,
 Armenia's monarch, brave Cyaxares,
 Pursues the drooping eagles. Yet, Tigranes,
 'Till fair Sinope's walls receive their lord;
 'Till, free once more, amid their flowery vales
 My subjects sheathe the sword, and taste the meed
 Of well-fought fields in the soft arms of peace,
 'Till my lov'd queen, my son, in my embrace,
 Forget the danger past, I have not conquer'd:
 My toils are but begun—stern Athridates
 E'en in my palace reigns.

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Shall the fell tyrant,
 Who mocks the plighted vow, still brave unheeded
 The thunder of the gods?—What dire offence
 Shall draw the vengeful bolt, if deeds like his
 Insult th' immortal powers?

PHARNACES.

The gods, Tigranes,
 Assist the brave; their power omnipotent
 Is present with us—when they gracious give
 A heart resolv'd to dare, an arm to strike.

TIGRANES (*looking out*).

Behold, my lord, along the sacred grove
 A light resplendent as the noon-tide ray
 Shoots like a meteor to the western gate!
 And now dissolves in air.

PHARNACES.

I hail the omen,
 And feel, confess'd, the energy divine:
 The gods themselves conduct me, nerve my arm,
 Inspire my purpose, point my destin'd way,
 And in my bosom fan the flame of hope.
 Begin the march, and filing near the grove
 Approach Sinope. Beauteous queen of night!
 Chaste goddess of the groves! let thy fair beam
 My path irradiate, and direct my steps,
 'Till to their native walls, I lead triumphant
 My faithful warriors,—let inspiring sounds
 The soldier's bosom cheer,—lead on, Tigranes.
[*A grand march.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

ATHRIDATES, ORCHANES.

ATHRIDATES.

Are my commands obey'd?

ORCHANES.

My royal lord!

The reinforcement to Domitius sent
Has reach'd his camp. Within the citadel,
Beneath Artaxias' care, I plac'd the queen;
The guards are doubled.

ATHRIDATES.

Her imperious spirit

Perhaps resisted!

ORCHANES.

When I led my files

To her apartment, with a haughty air,
She wav'd her hand, to warn them from her presence;

But when I told her by your dread command
They came, obedient, to conduct her thence;
She paus'd a moment—then majestic rose
And cry'd, "Obey your king."

ATHRIDATES.

Say, didst thou mark

The meeting with her son?

I

OR:

The SIEGE of SINOPE.

ORCHANES.

The tender scene

Unmann'd my soldier's heart; she spoke not, wept
not;

A deadly pale o'erspread her fading cheek;
Her panting bosom heav'd; beat quick, and short:
She snatch'd him to her breast, gaz'd wildly on him,
Breath'd a convulsive sigh, then, void of sense,
Sunk motionless to earth.

ATHRIDATES.

Behold Artaxias!

SCENE III.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORCHANES.

ATHRIDATES.

What means?—Say wherefore?

ARTAXIAS.

Royal Athridates!

Blame not your faithful servant; but the queen—

ATHRIDATES.

What of the queen? Why hast thou left!—beware,
Thy life shall answer—

ARTAXIAS.

By an armed band

Forc'd from the citadel—

ATHRIDATES.

Thou hast not sure,

Confederate with her—

AR.

ARTAXIAS.

In your royal daughter
Our warriors saw their princess, and rever'd
The blood of Cappadocia's honor'd kings.
With all th' impassion'd eloquence of nature,
The strong emotion of a mother's love,
She spoke her griefs; they heard with mute at-
tention,
And stood like statues, whilst with sudden step
She gain'd the portal; her maternal hand
Her infant son conducted. Teramenes,
The leader of her guards, by you entrusted,
Gain'd by her tears, and faithless to his charge,
The massy gates unbarr'd. The moment seizing,
With force to ours superior, Artabanes,
Who waited near, rush'd in, and bore them off
Towards Themis' temple.

ATHRIDATES.

Let us swift pursue.
Orchanes, thou art faithful; by each God
Potent in war I swear, their blood shall flow
On fierce Bellona's altar, till the manes
Of my lov'd son shall cease to call for vengeance.
A chosen band attend me to the temple.

SCENE IV.

*The Portico of the Temple of Themis, the Gates open;
at a little distance within, an Altar; Thamyris and
Eumenes kneeling before it, with Branches of Olive
in their Hands.*

THAMYRIS, EUMENES, ORONTES,
two other Priests attending.

ORONTES *comes down the Stage.*

What daughter of affliction, at this hour
Of solemn midnight, with dejected mien,
With suppliant wreaths, and hands to heav'n uprais'd,
Seeks the protection of all-righteous Themis?

THAMYRIS.

Thy queen.

ORONTES.

Immortal powers! Do I behold
My sovereign here, a suppliant in the fane,
Her piety to heaven first taught to rise!
And seeking that protection, which so late
Among the sceptred rulers of the earth
'Twas hers to grant!

THAMYRIS.

O, by this holy fane,
This altar, where my soul submissive bends,
And by the sacred majesty of heaven,
I here adjure thee, from the savage grasp
Of merciless oppression save my child!

ORONTES.

Thy virtues to the gods have made thee dear;
Speak thy request, and find a full compliance.

THA-

The SIEGE of SINOPE. 61

THAMYRIS.

Blame not these tears, they flow not for myself;
I have a nearer care, which rends my soul,
And gives distress its poignancy; O save
This helpless, uncomplaining innocence
From ills he knows not!

ORONTES.

Thou illustrious mourner!
Chace every anxious fear, and with thy son
Safe at the altar rest.

THAMYRIS.

Thou wilt forgive
A trembling mother's weakness!—not, Orontes,
Not that my doubting heart—I know not what
My woman's fears would say—But wilt thou lead
him?
Wilt thou within the temple's last recess
Hide him from treason? murder? Athridates?

ORONTES.

Injurious to the gracious gods, O queen,
Thy causeless terrors rise; from this retreat,
These hallow'd walls, oppression, aw'd, recoils,
Nor dares prophane th' asylum of the wretched,
Yet heav'n allows thy prayer; the faults which spring
From nature's fond excess, the powers divine
With mild indulgence view. Thyself conduct,
And place him by the goddess' awful statue.
Arsames, wait the queen.

THAMYRIS.

Thus let me thank thee;
A few short moments must decide our fate:
My

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My lord, if spar'd by the wild rage of war,
Approaches swift to save. If he is fallen,
This child is Pontus' last remaining hope :
O! guard the precious pledge! my life is nothing.

ORONTES.

What hasty steps!

(advances to the front of the portico)

The hostile bands draw near :
Fierce Athridates comes. Retire, O queen!
With calm submission wait the will divine.

THAMYRIS.

May pitying heaven to this devoted breast
Direct his erring sword, and save Eumenes!

SCENE V.

ATHRIDATES, ORONTES, ORCHANES.

ATHRIDATES.

Thou blind to fate, who, fearless of my wrath,
Hast dar'd protect my victims! hence, nor brave
An injur'd monarch's fury; this right arm,
Unless thou giv'st them instant to my sword,
(Unaw'd by superstition's gloomy terrors)
Shall seize, and drag them to the death which
waits them.

ORONTES.

Stop, Athridates, nor with impious step
Prophane this holy place.—I know thy rights,
The reverence due to thrones; nor thou forget
The power which plac'd the sceptre in thy hand,
And can resume the gift. Unaided, weak,
No conquering bands protect us; but the gods
War on our side; th' imperial Lord of Heaven

I

Is

Is our support, this temple our defence;
And if thy rage with lawless force invades
This sacred fane, the blest abode of peace,
'Tis o'er my bleeding corse thou must approach
The violated altars.

ATHRIDATES.

Dost thou think
With shadowy fears to shake a soul resolv'd?
Can thy enervate arm, thy feeble altars,
Save from their fate the captives of my sword?
Retire, nor bar my way, or see, involv'd
In rising flames, and trembling to its base,
Thy boasted temple fall.

ORONTES.

Away, blasphemer!—
But heaven, indignant, wills thee to compleat
The sum of thy offences. With compassion,
Elate I see thee, vain of transient power,
Nor once revolving the uncertain state
Of wretched man, by flattering hope betray'd.
This hour is thine, the next is hid in clouds.

ATHRIDATES.

This hour shall then revenge me; swift advance,
And aid your master's justice.

SCENE VI.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, ORONTES.

ARTAXIAS.

Royal sir,
Lose not a moment—on a slender thread

Your

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Your very being hangs. The troops of Pontus
(Pharnaces at their head) are in the city :
I saw them from the citadel descending,
And flew to save your sacred life.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Confusion !

By heaven 'tis false—the phantom of thy fear !

A R T A X I A S.

Believe your faithful servant. Artabanes
Conducts the king this way ; o'er all the city
Tumultuous shouts of transport rend the air ;
The maddening people arm ; and even your troops,
The Cappadocians, murmur, and arraign
Your purpos'd vengeance.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Summon to our aid

The Roman veterans.

A R T A X I A S.

From th' exulting victors

This more I learn'd—the Roman legions, van-
quish'd,
Already pass the mountains.

A T H R I D A T E S.

Curse blast them !

Wither their coward nerves, and give them up
To galling chains ; a prey ev'n to Pharnaces !
[Clashing of swords—A shout.]

A R T A X I A S.

He comes ; and now too late——

P H A R-

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PHARNACES (*behind*).

Away, Tigranes,
First stop the foaming torrent in its course.
Where is this tyrant who defies the Gods?
This monarch, fam'd for violated vows?
This father, thirsting for his children's blood?

SCENE VII.

ATHRIDATES, ARTAXIAS, PHARNACES,
ARTABANES, TIGRANES, *and Soldiers.*

ATHRIDATES.

Behold him here, and tremble at his vengeance!

PHARNACES.

The righteous gods have given him to my sword.
Die, monster, die! and let thy thirst of blood
In thy own blood be fated.

SCENE VIII.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES, ATHRIDATES,
ARTABANES, TIGRANES, ORCHANES,
and Soldiers.

THAMYRIS.

(*Rushing from the Temple, and catching Athridates
in her arms.*)

Stop, inhuman!

Or through this bosom——

K

ATHRI-

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ATHRIDATES.

Hence; thy woman's weakness
Blasts my unfullied fame.

PHARNACES.

Would'st thou defend him?—
This tyrant!—

THAMYRIS.

Is my father—

PHARNACES.

He seeks thy life—

THAMYRIS.

He gave it.—If thy wrongs
Demand a victim, strike—strike here, Pharnaces;
But spare his sacred life—

PHARNACES.

Thou hast prevail'd:
Thy virtue has disarm'd, and giv'n me back
To honour's better purpose. To the brave
A conquer'd foe is sacred. Athridates,
Receive thy life, thy kingdom.

ATHRIDATES.

I disdain
A life thy gift; my firm unconquer'd soul
Rejects thy offer'd mercy. Athridates
Will, still a monarch, join his ancestors:
Thy blow, and all is well. (*Stabs himself.*)

THAMYRIS.

O fatal rashness!—

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PHARNACES.

Why, Athridates, hast thou robb'd my heart
Of that best joy, the transport of forgiving?

ATHRIDATES.

Too far, Pharnaces, has my rage pursued——
Too deep has vengeance drain'd the cup of death——
Come near, my daughter: take my last embrace.
Canst thou forgive thy wrongs? The mist of passion
Fades from my dying eyes, and sets thy goodness,
Thy filial piety, in dread array——
Ye Cappadocian warriors, see your queen!
Thy arm, Artaxias—instant lead me hence—
I would not with my last expiring groans
Prophane this holy temple.

THAMYRIS.

Powers of mercy!

Yet spare his days!

ATHRIDATES.

And dost thou weep for me?
Whose unrelenting hand——my breath grows
short——
I can no more—I faint—a sudden darkness—
I die—my child—farewell—farewell for ever!
(*Falls into the arms of Orchanes and Artaxias.*)

THAMYRIS.

My breaking heart—a moment more—my father!
He dies—'tis past!——
(*Artaxias and Orchanes bear off the body
of Athridates.*)

K 2

SCENE

SCENE IX.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES.

P H A R M A C E S.

There fled th' indignant spirit :
A sad example of the ill's which flow
From fell revenge, and fury unrestrain'd.
Turn from that sight of woe, and let thy heart
[to Thamyris]
With other feelings, with a mother's transport
Expand, and glow with gratitude to heaven
For thy Eumenes' life.

(Whilst Pharnaces is speaking, Orontes leads Eumenes down the stage, and presents him to Pharnaces and Thamyras.)

S C E N E X.

THAMYRIS, PHARNACES, EUMENES,
ORONTES.

T H A M Y R I S.

My child!—my child!

P H A R M A C E S.

My boy!—my kingdom's hope!—Do I once more,
With all a parent's heartfelt tenderness,
A parent's joy, behold thee? To the power
Whose hand has sav'd us, let the victim bleed,
The pure libation flow, the fragrant incense
In spiry clouds ascend!

THAMYRIS.

T H A M Y R I S.

Alas, my lord !
 E'en 'midst the soft delight that fills my soul
 For thine, and my Eumenes' dangers past,
 My father's fate rends my divided heart,
 Checks the fond rapture, prompts the plaintive
 sigh,
 And calls, unbid, the tender filial tear.

O R O N T E S.

That tear, O queen ! is graceful : but remember
 Thy son, thy husband, subjects, bid thee chase
 These unavailing sorrows ; and, with heart
 Resign'd and humble, bow to awful heaven
 For safety, life, and empire.

P H A R N A C E S.

Power Supreme !
 Great universal Lord ! from this fair hour
 Let Cappadocia's sons, with Pontus' join'd,
 Beneath a milder sway forget their toils !
 Though long divided by the arts of Rome,
 Whose wild ambition sets the world in arms,
 The kindred nations in each other's blood
 Their frantic swords imbrued. Do thou inspire
 The gentler purpose ! And, amid the joys
 Of sacred peace, a firm, united band,
 Be it their glory to obey the laws
 Fram'd for the general good ; and ours to find
 The wreath of conquest in our people's love,

T H E E N D.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by a FRIEND,
And spoken by Mrs. YATES.

*I*N all this bustle, rage, and tragic roar,
Which some wits here politely call a bore,
Have I not wept, and rav'd, and tore my hair,
Till some I forc'd to weep, and some to stare?
Yet now I must, by custom, to divert you,
Tell what I think of this heroic virtue.
Mirth has increas'd, when tragedies are finish'd,
Increases still, and must not be diminish'd.
Alive your passion tho' our play may keep,
Behind the curtain you must have a peep.
Tho' bright the tragic character appear,
Our private foibles you delight to hear.
In life's great drama the same rule we find:
When on that stage the patron of mankind
Performs his part—the public virtues strike,
But 'tis the secret anecdote we like.
If there a Patriot rave with furious might,
And love his country—out of downright spite;
It passes for a copy of his face;
Has he not been to Court to beg a Place?
When some bright Orator his country's cause
Sustains, and talks of Liberty and Laws,
Hear, hear, all cry; in attitude he stands,
Sprawling his feet, and stretching forth his hands;
“ In this petition, Sir—the nation begs;
“ And, Mr. Speaker—while I'm upon my legs;
“ And,

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*“ And, Sir—our ancestors—and whig and tory ;
 “ And, Sir—the laws ;—and, Sir—Great Britain’s
 glory !”*

*All gaze ; all wonder ; such amazing powers !
 But how does he employ his private hours ?
 The nation sav’d, he hurries, in a trice,
 To shake the box, and be undone at dice.
 Some Politicians figure in debate,
 Then sleep—to shew the quiet of the State.
 Your Hollanders, when treachery is ripe,
 Break every treaty, and then—smoke their pipe.
 If by remonstrances you try to mend them,
 Mynheer smokes on—“ ’tis all ad referendum.”
 We storm upon the stage th’ impassion’d breast,
 Then come, and turn all sympathy to jest.*

*And yet, shall flippant mirth, and giddy joy,
 The best impressions of the heart destroy ?
 ’Tis yours, ye fair, to quell our Author’s fear ;
 A Female Poet draws the tender tear.
 True to her sex, she copies from the life
 The Mother, Daughter, and the faithful Wife.
 Let her this night your kind protection gain,
 The Critic then will parody in vain.
 And let fair Virtue, ere she quit the age,
 Here pause awhile—and linger on the stage.*

